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And I have seen him draw quick breath again,  
Have seen the glad light leap into his eyes  
As feeble, slow, unsure, reluctantly  
The tiny, priceless spark flamed up again.

And I have stood beside him there once more—  
A pure and holy reverence in his face—  
When he has laid her little first born child  
Where God has planned its safest resting place.

And memory recalls another scene—  
A soul has gone into the great beyond—  
And he—as with a woman's gentle touch—  
Closes the dull eyes, folds the lifeless hands.

Tis that your eyes are dimmed with tears, if you  
Have failed to read his look of sympathy.  
He's gone—His silent hand clasp seemed to say  
“You need the Great Physician for *this* pain.”

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## A NEW CRANFORD—CONTINUED

By ISABEL McISAAC

### CHAPTER IV. OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN

Two commonly accepted fallacies among us are that poverty and ignorance are at the bottom of most wrong-doing and that poverty, ignorance and wrong-doing are confined to the cities. It is of the first fallacy I would like to tell a little story which is true except in its geography. Several years ago there emigrated to the United States from Canada an undersized palefaced little Frenchman who had grown up in the back streets and alleys of Montreal. Properly his name was Pierre Desjardin, but his fellow workman on West Madison Street could not be expected to master any name so euphonious and he soon came to be known as French Pete. Our first acquaintance with Pete was when he came as a plumber's helper to mend frozen water pipes; he was at that time ragged, not overclean, thin, and constantly enveloped in the smoke from the vilest tobacco one could imagine, his manners were what might be called “fresh” to use one of his own expressions and he did not hesitate to express an opinion of a household of unmarried women, and we in return at the end of his first visit declared him to be an “odious

little wretch," for which we now repent with a vastly uncomfortable feeling. It appears that Pete made his home in that district where rooming houses abound and many things are done which ought not to be done and many things are left undone which ought to be done.

Among his fellow boarders was Mrs. Mamie Collins, with two children, a widow beginning to take notice, who speedily realized that Pete was a steady workman and therefore a desirable provider for her and her infants. Whether Mr. Collins had been a fact or fiction history does not record, but in due time evidently without much effort on his part, Pete found himself a step-father with four stomachs to fill instead of one, and at the end of a year another child was added to the family.

To house, clothe and feed two adults and three children upon two or three dollars a day is not an easy task and to eke out the income Pete played his old Canadian fiddle at any saloon or dance hall needing his music on Saturdays or other nights.

Meanwhile Mrs. Mamie, like other ladies who lived in better streets, got tired of domesticity, and while Pete played his fiddle she amused herself with the good looking barber on Sangamon Street; whether the barber persuaded her to leave or whether she enticed him away I cannot say, but when Pete came home late one Saturday night Mrs. Mamie was gone and Pete and the three little girls were left to shift for themselves.

"The woman upstairs who knew well what she was" gave them all the help she could and for many months this poor ignorant little man worked days, nights and Sundays keeping his flock together until he could do it no longer.

Now was the time you or I or most men would have bundled those children into a public institution and spent our money in riotous living, but not Pete, and having decided that a woman was necessary to care for his children he promptly took legal steps to free himself from his former wife and married a clean, industrious little German girl who was willing to keep a home to the best of her ability and to use Pete's own words, "she is the best wife ever."

This, however, is not the end of the story, for after six or seven years, when three or four more babies had been added to the triangular family, Mrs. Mamie got tired of the barber and his successors and followed Pete to Iowa, whither he had moved, to demand her children who all these years had been living with their step-father, and this was the place where Pete arose to a pinnacle precious few of us ever attain and told Mrs. Mamie in his own picturesque French-Canadian and Sangamon Street language that she was not fit to have the care of those two girls, that they were good children and would be able to care for themselves in

a few years, and if at the end of that time they wished to go back to their mother they could decide, but meanwhile he should send them to school and if she—Mrs. Mamie—interfered he would have her arrested for deserting them when she did.

Now what could Mrs. Mamie do but just go away and let other people take care of her children? Which she did, and Pete still sends the little girls to school and they all live together as happy as a family can be. The wrong kind of education might have destroyed this man's innate decency, but poverty and ignorance never moved him an inch from what he felt was his manifest duty.

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## THE TRAINING SCHOOLS FOR NURSES AT BORDEAUX\*

By DR. ANNA HAMILTON

IN presenting to this Conference the accompanying printed and illustrated reports of the Bordeaux schools I desire to emphasize two features of their organization which seem to me essential to their usefulness and success.

First. The school of nurses is attached to a hospital and constitutes its nursing staff. Second. The Director of school and hospital is a woman. We hold that the value of training depends on these two points.

This declaration may seem to be superfluous to the majority of the members of this Conference. For, in the audience before me I see numerous training-school superintendents and matrons, who, beginning as probationers, have passed step by step through every grade of hospital work until, having reached the highest positions, they represent to-day all those their colleagues, with whom they are now training thousands of nurses and directing the nursing of important hospitals.

But in France, the directresses of civil hospitals may be counted upon the fingers, and Paris has not a single one! Therefore it is with deep joy that we salute all the present heads of hospital training schools for nurses. Their presence here proves that the system of hospital schools inaugurated at Bordeaux is not utopian, but a simple adaptation of the method recognized abroad as being excellent, and which was initiated by the pioneer nurse, the heroine of the Crimea, the venerated Florence Nightingale.

The Protestant Hospital of Bordeaux,† at present a general hos-

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\* Read at the Conference on Nursing in Paris, June, 1907.

† The following outline is condensed from the historical part of the reports given to the Conference. L. L. D.